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25/03/2022 13:23:24

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSEHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on CALIFORNIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
Behold the spell of pride, craft's brooks,
And Man despairs its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

THE POLITICAL

A nasty pile you have whose intellect doth spring, sir,
A two-headed hydra, that's fit for any thing, sir;
They ~~are~~ ^{are} their parts most forecast in legislative fires,
And prove to you they have four hearts by the ways of
Whigg and Tory.
O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.
Your b—h of b—s too, I find are very modest jobbers,
The teeth of your insulted land is suffer'd by those b—s;
And he that cannot pay the tybe perhaps because he's poor,
Those christian-saints will lead and drive the cattle from
his door,
O what a religious! what a reverend! what a pious
Constitution!
And now to make conclusion, I'll give you just one reason,
I hope their ^{Treason} ~~sapient~~ Lordships won't accuse me of High
The reason's really simple, 'twill avert a rising storm, sir,
Repeal your ^{Treason} ~~penal~~ laws, and facilitate REFORM, sir.
Then let Liberty! glorious Liberty! hear'n-born
Liberty! frame your Constitution

CAPTIVITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Written by the AUTHOR during his suffering and unjust
imprisonment for his opinions!

WHAT can avail? The sons of envious strife,
Have arm'd with shafts malign — the hand of pow'r;
What smooth these bonds which rend the victim lie,
Or sooth that grieves a hapless Parent's dow'r?
Pitilessly: sweet balm for foul affliction's woes,
Borne up by TRUTH whilst Life's rough paths are trod,
Ev'n to the Captive's soul can give rep'rt,
And break the force of base oppression's rod!

SONG.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Where base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
Eric Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGE may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admision attend,
We'd look to his MERIT — his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debar'd,
And plead prior right from ill-fairious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
We'll give them a hearty welcome, & then —

HARMONIST.

SONG.

On the introduction of the Convention Bill in open violation of MAGNA CHARTA.

AIR. Life's like a ship.

BRITONS will ye be degraded,
By a base Convention Bill?
Shall our Rights be all invaded,
Laws be made our blood to spill?
Tyrants and their wretched mimons,
Thus strip a people's way,
Whid perfid' knaves make slaves of millions,
And tamely ye whole wrongs survey?

Where's your laud'd Constitution?
Where's the freedom of your Laws?
Thro'out the State see profligacy —
Blazing LIBERTY's just cause!
See Tories squand'ring all your riches,
In wars against the human race;
Whilst Whig's to gain the leaves and fibers,
Time-serving rogues cry out for peace!

How long must Tyrants rule victorious
Over this lost degraded Isle?
Or Britons live as slaves inglorious,
Eric LIBERTY shall deign to smile?
Let's persevere with Truth and spirit
'Till tyrants from their thrones are hurl'd;
Our long lost RIGHTS again t'inherit,
And live the glory of the world!

SONG.

Mr. Wickham 109

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on QALTA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie' craft'* broke,
And Man despairs its galling yoke,
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms support the Cause,

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SONG.

MORE PLOTS.

Air. Bow wow wow.

A proclamation offering One Thousand Pounds
Was stuck about on ev'ry post left justice should retard, his
But honest men *informers* hate, state-bribery and lies, his
So few were apprehended except by trading spies, his
 mum, mum, mum, etc.
 in-born ministry great funder of sedition,
 and high crimes without

Now see our heav'n-born infant, /
In the goose-pye talk of treasons, and high chancery,
remission;
See Grenville foams, and rants, and raves, devoid of truth,
and reason,
Give men meeting peaceably--commit confusio-

To prove men
treason!
The rev'rend bishop H-s-s-y of wisdom and
Like his honest friend old Teddy B-ke would crush who
He said millions down, firs;
the people had no Rights in Monarchy's grand
cause, firs,
The only right he would allow was to obey its Laws, firs
mum, mum, mum, mum, &c
There'

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission a-rend,
We'd look to his MANN—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debas'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white beau,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
Before we admit them to our presence, we should retain

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HARMONIEST

But the real friends to government, good government I
mean, firs,

To petition against wicked pow'r in op',
And tho' corrupted ministers our **LEGAL RIGHTS** deny, we
Still Britons for a **JUST REFORM** will conquer or die, sir,
num, num, num, &c.

To conclude Friends and Citizens, our LIBERTIES are
gone, sir,
the magistrates observe what's laid

Next time we meet the magistrates
and done, sirs;
But let them come like bireling Spies in me they'll surely
find, sirs,
That tho' they chain my hands and tongue--they can't en-
slave my MIND, sirs. *taum, taum, paum, e.t.c.*

SONG.

GALLIC LIBERTY.

Alt. When gen'rous wine.

COME freedom's sons now bind the knee,
To glorious **GAULIC LIBERTY!**
Avant ye slaves—ye monarchic crews,
And give th' enlighten'd world its due.
No longer shall the wretched go
To **Bastilles** fill'd with dreary woe!

D 1

A king

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSEHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,
And Man despairs its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!
Behold their arms funner'd the *Class*.

THE POLITICAL

A king we find's an useless *toy*,
The *tyrant* falls—express your joy!
Then why should we at life repine,
Give us FREEDOM's laws divine;
Fill with REASON wisdom's bowl,
Let RIGHTS of MAN thro' Nations roll,
Ever happy, ever FREE!
Hail! sweet goodness LIBERTY!
Our brows with GALIC chaplets crown,
Drive deadly Despotism down.

LINES.
ON EQUALITY.

CELESTIAL form! Nature's first grand design,
Ere base ambition found its way on earth;
Or falsehood rose, opposing TRUTH divine,
Which to corrupted systems soon gave birth.

Thy noble energies, alas! are gone,
And to the prejudic'd not understood;
Thou with enlighten'd men art found alone,
For thou residest only with the GOOD.

How have the *ponders* of a guilty state,
Amongst the ignorant decry'd thy fame?
Falsely asserting—that the rich and great
Would be destroy'd, or levell'd by thy name!

To strip vain glory of its gaudy dress,
Of what had first its rise from Folly's plan;
VIRTUE promote, and ev'ry vice supress—
Is to support our simple title MAN!

That

THE RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convic'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
These joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admision attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *foies* or *inflamers* by chance enter here,

HARMONIST.

That one Man should take solely for his use,
What would the wants of thousands satisfy,
And lavish it in OFFICES profuse,
Is rank oppressive inequality!

The base *calumniators* of thy worth,
Are the supporters of oppression's cause;
They dread the moment thou shalt issue forth—
Dispensing EQUAL RIGHTS and EQUAL LAWS

HEALTH and FRATERNITY shall then be found,
Then ev'ry Nation LIBERTY shall hail!
REASON and TRUTH in ev'ry clime abound,
And JUSTICE—EQUAL JUSTICE poise the scale.

SONG.

A NEW FOUR-AND-TWENTY FIDLERS.

FOUR-and-twenty Fidlers all on a-row,
And they all struck up the *loyal* tune of—
View, Britannia, Britannia view the waves,
On which thy darling sons are slaves!

Four-and-twenty of the *swinish* multitude, all on a-row,
Well, Neighbours, what think ye of the weight
of *taxes*, we must petition Parliament for a repeal,
and then we'll sing to the *loyal* tune of—
View, Britannia, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty democratic-politicians all on a-row,
Let us send word to our brethren in the *British*
Convention to enquire what they think of the *taxes*,
and if they mean to petition, &c. &c.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGE may taste them like me.

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HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
 We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
 He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
 Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
 He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
 And plead prior right from an illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

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HARMONIST.

SONNET.

EMIGRATION.

OR THE PATRIOT'S LAST RESOURSE.

AIR. *In the downhill of Life.*

IN LIBERTY's cause I could yield up my life,
 'Tis bondage that renders it base;
 I'll soon quit this land of curst faction and strife,
 To seek out a happier place!
 Where Tyrants and Slaves are not known to exist,
 Nor Whigg nor base Tory mislead 'em,
 Where each PATRIOT soul shall with me join the first,
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

There under the shade of my fig-tree enjoy
 The folacing talk of my friends,
 With no taxes to plague me, nor tythes to destroy
 The blessings which PROVIDENCE sends;
 I'll keep in reserve Thomas Pain's RIGHTS of MAN,
 And lend them to all that can read 'em;
 And teach those who can't it was HE form'd the plan
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

In sweet PEACE and PLENTY live crown'd ev'ry season,
 With a Partner that's just to my mind;
 My Religion not priestcraft,—but blest TRUTH and
 REASON,

To love GOD! and do good to MANKIND!
 And when that old age to long life brings a close,
 The praises of fools—I shan't need 'em—
 But grave on the tomb where my ashes repose,—
 “The remains of a true son of FREEDOM!”

SONG.

in Wickham Engt

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bly,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shores,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie, craft's* broke,
And Man despairs its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

Behold their arms (unpoor the Gangs,

THE POLITICAL

Four-and-twenty Jacobins all on a-row,
Sing *ca iru*, and arm the friends of Liberty with
pikes and daggers to exterminate wicked Ministers,
and send word to our brethren, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty of the privy-council all on a-row,
Let us formally examine the papers, and commit
to the TOWER all those *ville traitors* who sing *ca iru*,
and arm the friends of Liberty, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty members of parliament all on a-row,
Mister Speaker, I humbly move that the act of
Habeas Corpus be suspended that the furnish multi-
tude may not take advantage thereof, and we'll for-
mally examine the papers, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty Republicans all on a-row,
D-n the— and all the a-f---y! did you ever
hear such an *infamous* speech as Mister Speaker, I
humbly move, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty Aldermen all on a-row,
We, your M---y's most loyal and dutiful subjects
taking into our wise consideration the just and ne-
cessary war, in which you and your faithful allies
are engaged, do now with fear and trembling ap-
proach your r---l throne, and d-n the—, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty Spital-fields'-weavers all in a-row,
How many thousands of our Brethren are daily
slaughter'd in this shameful contest abroad, whilst
the *Dom* is shackled at home, and a set of stupid
formalizing *griffins* cry, "We, your M---y's
loyal and dutiful subjects, &c. &c. &c."

* The CITY ARMS are supported by Griffins, with the
following singular motto—*Domine dirige nos* ¹⁷¹¹ SONNET.

HARMONY
The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fast Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere LIFE's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold ~~free~~
The joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may take them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admision stand,
Would look to his *MERIT*—his *title* despite;
He must first be propos'd by a *brother* and *friend*,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize.
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's desir'd,
And plead prior right from *ill-friend's* birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a *black* or *white* bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,

HARMONIST.

SONNET.

EMIGRATION.

OR THE PATRIOT'S LAST RESOURCE.

AIR. In the *downhill* of Life,
IN LIBERTY's cause I could yield up my life,
'Tis *bondage* that renders it *baile*;
I'll soon quite this land of *curst* *fashion* and *strife*,
To seek out a happier place!
Where *Tyrants* and *Slaves* are not known to exist,
Nor *Whig* nor *babe* *Tory* mildred 'em;
Where each *PATRIOT* soul shall with me join the *first*,
To support the great standard of *FREEDOM*!

There under the shade of my fig-tree enjoy
The *solacing* talk of my friends,
With no *taxes* to plague me, nor *tyrants* to destroy
The *blessings* which *PROVIDENCE* sends;
I'll keep in *revere* *Thomas PAINE's* *RIGHTS OF MAN*,
And lend them to all that can read 'em;
And teach those who can't it was *HE* form'd the plan
To support the great standard of *FREEDOM*!

In sweet *PEACE* and *PLENTY* live crown'd *dev'ly* *feastors*,
With a *Partner* that's just to my mind,
My Religion not *priscraft*,—but *blest* *TRUTH* and
REASON,
To love *GOD*, and do good to *MANKIND*.
And when that old age to long life brings a close,
The *praises* of *death*—I shan't need 'em,
But grave on the tomb where my ashes repose,
"The remains of a true son of *FREEDOM*!"

The RELICTION OF NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue,
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

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MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGE may take them like me.

Should a prince amongst us for admision attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
Follow this round should reign

Tyrants! Tyrants! they've conquer'd thos! Tyrants!—
Forc'd shelter their vassals to run:
See! LIBERTY's mirror! has struck them with terror!
And made the groves fly at the sound of a drum!
Next the Pope in concerta his Banditti leads,
Of refractory priests against freedom of thought,
But he will be d---d with his crosses and beads,
For viles traitors or bigots they care not a jot;
No longer St. Peter, such humbugs hell meet here,
His hell, book, and candle-light nought will avail,
As such fool fright'ning maces, the, now set their faces,
And to tumble his HOLINESS never will fail.
Then Pitt and his minions next join'd in the rob,
Their fleets and their armies 'gainst Freedom did raise,
But their plots and intrigues cost poor Louis his nob,
And their crusade 'gainst France ended monarchy's days
Oh, Billy, Billy! you must look very silly,
When the great men in France come to make their
demands;
You must e'er be in dread, lest they call for your head,
Before they consent to make PEACE or shake-hands.
The despots in Brussels were next in a stirr'd,
And Cobourg and York were both in a shake,
They knew they must give up their lying gazette,
For true sons of Freedom possession to take;
Freedom! Freedom! French Flanders and Freedom!
No bribes or corruption they longer shall see,
Free GALLIA's sons, 'midst their thund'ring guns,
Shall plant round with laurels fair Liberty's TREE!
What a pretty kick-up there was next at the Hague,
Their High Mightinesses all put to their last shift,
The approach of the French was worse than a plague,
For the national-razor-s-a-sharp new-year's gift:
The mighty Stadholders with his Sow so much bolder,
By armies united were forc'd quick to fly,

Whilst

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.

Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

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MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may take them.

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THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSEHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
Behold the spell of *pique* 'craft's broke,
And Man despairs its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!
Behold their arms support the Cause.

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THE POLITICAL

SONG.

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

AIR. Prussian drum.

THE spirit of LIBERTY's spreading so fast,
That all d---d usurpers are down in the mouth,
They know they must surely be tumbled at last,
From the states in the North, to the states in the South;
Freedom! freedom! ALL must have freedom!
No despotic Emperors longer they'll bear,
Their swords are unheathed, their ardour is heated,
And their Liberties longer no pow'r can ensnare.

Tel de rol lol, &c.

Duke Frederick rush'd foremost in despotic rage,
To make war against God and the good of mankind;
But famine and fire 'gainst his armies did wage,
His eyes now are open'd tho' first he seem'd blind:
Prussia, Prussia! freedom to Prussia!
Down with the Despots, and strike off his head—
No longer such rascals, shall keep men in basilles,
Their treacherous pow'r will shortly be dead.

Then Leopold next united was seen,
By vile machinations of queen Antoinette;
But from his defeat she acquir'd such a spleen,
And the Guillotine only concluded her fret.
Austria, Austria! freedom to Austria!
No despotic Tyrants they longer will bear;
And for petty princes, they've broke down their fences,
And sent them to govern the d---d knows where!
The king of Sardinia too with them did join,
To drive the poor French to the kingdom of nod;
But much to his cost they've gain'd Nice and Savoy,
And planted the true love of FREEDOM—of God!

Tyrants.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his MERIT—his title despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
... and followship incund should reign

HARMONIST.

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Tyrants! Tyrants! they've conquer'd those Tyrants!—
Forc'd helter skelter their wassals to run:
See! LIBERTY's mirror! has struck them with terror!
And made the knaves fly at the sound of a drum!
Never the Pope in concerta his Randitti lead,
Of refractory priests against freedom of thought,
But he will be d---d with his crosses and heads,
For vile traitors or bigots they care not a jot;
No longer St. Peter, such humbug hell meet here,
His hell, book, and candle-light nought will avail,
At such foul frightening mores, they now let their faces,
And to tumble his HOLINESS never will fail.

Then Pile and his minions next join'd in the rob,
Their fleets and their armies 'gainst freedom did raise,
But their plots and intrigues cost poor Louis his nob,
And their crooks 'gainst France ended mounarchy's days

Oh, Billy, Billy! you must look very silly,
When the great men in France come to make their

demands;
You must s'er be in dread, lest they call for your head,
Before they consent to make PEACE or shake-hands.

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And Coburg and York were both in a shake,

They knew they must give up their lying gazette,
For true sons of Freedom possession to take;

Freedom! Freedom! French Flanders and Freedom!
No bribes or corruption they longer shall see,

Free GALLIA's sons, 'midst their thund'ring guns,
Shall plant round with laurels fair Liberty's TREE!

What a pretty kick-up there was next at the Hague,
Their High Mightinesses all put to their last shift,

The approach of the French was worse than a plague,
For the national-razor—a sharp new-year's gift:

By arms united were forc'd quick to fly,

Whilst

Mr. Wickham Esq.

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convine'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.

Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

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THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSEHOOD views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
Behold the spell of *base craft's* broke,
And Man despairs its galling yoke;
base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before LIBERTY!

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THE POLITICAL

Whilst statemenization, pervades the Dutch nation,
BATAVIA like France may all *traitors* defy,
Now LIBERTY's blessings they'll never *refuge*,
Having all of them taile its generous bluns;
Neither *dungeons* nor *baillies* nor *bols* can confine,
Nor forecloses their ardour ever can tame:
To arms! to arms! they're call'd now—
And for FREEDOM united their swords now unbneath,
The cold, wet, or parching, French bays still are marching,
And boldly contending for Freedom—or death!
Tol de rob Et. &c.

A CHARTER SONG.

Written for the SONS of FREEDOM, a very numerous and respectable SOCIETY held in Aldersgate street, LONDON.

AIR—*To Anacreon in Heav'n.*

TO Anacreon we drink in a full-flowing bowl,
Or chaunt to his praise in a catch or a glee;
His magic illusions enrapture the soul,
And delightful to him, must be pleasing to me!
Trace his origin round, and he'll surely be found,
Like myself but a mortal that sprung from the earth;
But mine be the boast, to enliven the toast,
Of health to each true son of freedom and mirth.
That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controv'ry,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in *wine*, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

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HARMONIST.

Should a *prize* amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his *MERIT*—his *title* despise;
He must first be propos'd by a BROTHER and Friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a *black* or *white* beam,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,
Where nought but good-fellowship jocund should reign,
To our MOTTO each Brother will strictly adhere,
And shew those their *vices*, whilst TRUTH we explain;
Antimisities sell, let us ever expel—
To the demons of discord and *fanion* on earth,
Merry MONOS shall doff, the grim finds with a laugh!
And PEACE rule triumphant in freedom and mirth.

Then as true sons of FREEDOM now join hand in hand,
Abide by your rules and in concord agree;
Our efforts united success shall command,
Whilst we grasp at the blossoms of LIBERTY's tree;
May your pleasures increase, till you've finisht life's race,
And may all friends to LIBERTY flourish on earth,
And confirm us the true sons of freedom and mirth.



E

SONG.

His Grace this
Mr. Wallada may
continue in that
I am, Sir
Mr. Wickham Esq.

HARMONIST.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring purf;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.

Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

Eric Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
These joys with my breath will freely resign,
That NEW AGES may take them like me.

42

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

BAGATELLE TO FRENCH FREEDOM.

AIR. *Mabreut.*

CARPENTERS and Sailors,
Milliners and Taylors,
All assemble here, sirs,
All for Liberty!
And if that you will stay,
And do not run away!
You shall for French freedom,
Frenchmen gain their freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*
PARIS see this day, sirs,
Is dock'd to fire and gys, fire,
'Cause tyrants ran away, sirs!
All for Liberty!
Each lad and lass with cockade,
The *champ de Mars* parade,
Singing their songs to freedom,
How Frenchmen gain'd their freedom,
Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*
You hear all Frenchmen tell, sirs,
That tyrants earthly be, sirs,
The Bastille-prison, tell, sirs,
All for Liberty!
Where many a wretch enchain'd,
Bless Liberty gain'd,
To sing the song of freedom,
To breathe the air of freedom,
Of glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

The

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's foes—for we know no control,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship insp'rd! unanimy fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And baw'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.
Should

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43

HARMONIST.

The King and Queen betray'd us,
And thought to have dinay'd us,
But they never can degrade us;

Or take our Liberty;

May the HEROES ever live,
Who seiz'd the fugitives,
And brought them back with freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
To see the Nation's freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Then for some wicked job, sirs,
King Louis lost his nob, sirs,
Who would his people rob, sirs,
And make them slaves to be!

But since the Tyrant's gone,
A REPUBLIC now they own!
They'll never yield their freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
Bols tyrants now they're freed from,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Arifocates they hang, sirs,
And a-la lanterne hang, sirs,
Slavery there can't be, sirs,
Instead of Liberty!
See FRANCE a mankind invite,
Gainst bondage to unite!
They'll never shrink from freedom,
Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
But live and die for freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

E 2

SONG.

His Grace their
Mr. Wallade may
intervene in that
I am, etc.

Mr. Wickham, etc.

ARMONIST

HARAKA
THE AGE OF NATURE shall be my del ght,
It's just pro pte's worn & we do,
Conseil TELL I AM FREE & in it be in the rights
So we're freemph ad & at their view
WE are the freedom resides in the grove, G.
Eric L. G. is ev'ryng ra's wear the lants of dec inde
MANKIND could I were behind FREE;
I'd joy with them breath wh I truly resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

It is very well known we'd have plenty of grain,
It Peter I is anxious for treasure of gold,
Did not send it to Austria, Prussia, and Spain,
With the fat beef and pork, &c.

The master function's monopoly's cause,
And give his consent to repeal all its laws;
'Twas for this I suppose that he lock'd up our jaws,
To save the roast beef, &c.

This placemen will certainly keep fast his place,
For he is not in person that brought up in it, nor
Is he of great weight, which must alter the case,
And punish the thieves, &c.

TWO GENERALS now have receiv'd a command,
General SLAUGHTER by sea, General HAVING by land,
And the poor farewell thin'st whilst they march hand in hand
 To destroy all the men, &c. "

But as true **DEMOCRATS** let us ever unite,
And strall upon *soft* days from morning to night,
Let us laugh at all *preachers* the *Pope* and his *spight*,
And enjy the roall heat of old England, &c.

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

On the FAST-DA Y₂ in 1705.

AIR. The roast beef, &c.

PROCLAMATIONS, inform us that this is the day,
To sanction base murders we must fast and pray;
But good DEMOCRATS ne'er will such ungodly dates obey.

The *bishops*, the *deacons*, the *vicars* and *priests*,
Th' *soy* publish this *soft* will each have their *feasts*,
And *drunks*, and *carouse* 'till they're all *drunk* on *health*,
Whil'st they eat the *roast* *beef* *as*

Neither courtier nor minister will fail for their place,
Those supporters of war and disturbers of peace,
Will each go mad and ze without once saying grace,
And eat the roast-beef.

'Gainst monsters like these now the poor may well pray,
Who're rescue'd by base measures to *soft* ev'ry day;
For famine and war many thousands do stay,
 And waille the coast-herb. *B.R.*

A matter quite strange has just enter'd my head,
As most of the people are only half-fed.
Pray what can occasion the high price of bread,
And likewise the beef, &c.

15

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bow,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no control,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend,
By friend 'sp' n' 's a name for 's!
The bright sun of HARMONY shineth in our air,
Each bright morn, we're as happy as a bird,
And ha'nd the glad t'ason of a country like a moth,

The RELIGION OF NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring guides;
C�RVED TRUTH AND REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their review.
When law Freedom resides in the grave, &c.

'Ere Life's evening rays wear the dints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold ~~great~~
Those joys with ~~now~~ ^{now}—'

4

150

47

THE POLITICAL
SONG

RETALIATION

Addressed to DOCTOR HARRINGTON of BOSTON, who may
(if he pleases) set it to Music: for the present & will
answer to the air of—*The YOUNG MAN'S*

THE great MAYOR of BOSTON,
As *this* as a lath
With *curves* full bottom'd and boasty,
Was once a great *Whig*,
When as poor as a pig,
But now he has turn'd a great *Tory*.

ORPHEUS at his birth
Crown'd his natale with mirth,
And disputed with *physic* the prize;
For with *music* in chorus,
And *soffrument* and *belus*,
They founded her grade to the skies

Old GALEN soon smil'd,
And call'd him his child,
ASCLEPIUS to him's a mere quack,
His *political* pills,
Gainst sedition's wrath dis,
He deals out like ev'ry state hack.

HARMONIST.

With his cut-hes and ghes,
And his med'vines & salves,
His patients he helms to some tuncs;
And the l'ns of the land,
He can we - underland,
Aye, as well as the men in the moun -
The law must lose force,
When its virtue and course
Are entrusted to such an old prig,
Who can have no pretence
To politica sense,
No more than his mare or his wig!
There's in many a justis,
Of a fain, or clair,
Who posset with more liberal mind,
Would not stretch a base plan,
To opprise any MAN.
For after the rights of this land,
His *despasons* are now
And to fowr won't go.
Grown so old, scarce piano can sing,
Sill, might lyse to stone
The bad deuds he has done,
'Ere he mounts on *Persephone's* wing!
But he's lost, I much fear,
And to TRUTH flouts his ear,
He may live to repent of this ev'g.,
And the PATRIOT opprise'd,
By this Tyrant distract'd,
May I've to send him to the d - -.

SONG

11-11-45

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NAT'URE shall be my delight,
To just principles unerring pure,
COUNCILS of TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
So ne'er pale prologue, nor at their view
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
Eric Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANAIND could I once behold ~~FARE~~;
Those joys with my breath will I freely renounce
Then

151

49

48

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

THE GRAND MONARQUE.

AIR. God save the King!
GOD save the Grand Monarque,
Prince of St. JAMES'S PARK,
Vive le Monarque!
Send him victorious,
As he rides over his
Subjects so inglorious;
Vive le Monarque!
When he goes to the play,
We join in loud buzzes!
Vive le Monarque!
None but vile Demerats,
Keeps on their greedy hate,
Whilst they throw large bribes
At our Monarque!
Soon the King-killing crew
Shall feel your vengeance due,
O! Grand Monarque!
PITT, to pose ACTS with us,
A host of spies did he lay,
He's your worst enemy SIR;
Vive le Monarque!
You are so good and chaste!
With such a noble state,
O! Grand Monarque!
The MAGIC PASTOMINE,
With your ideal chime,
Bombast and foolish rhymes;
O! Grand Monarque!

Then

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no common,
No troubles disturb us, nor smiles offend,
By friendship insepar'd, unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth,
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.
Should

HARMONIST

The world is in a bustle,
No man is safe from its curse,
Pitt, a serpent in the grass,
You're a bad bird, & a bad man!

Those are a motley groupes,
And we are made their dupes,
O! Grand Monarque!
But soon the time will comes,
When with the Pope of Rome,
They shall all meet their doom,
O! Grand Monarque!

When all the swine shall rise,
Out of their sourky STIES!!!
O! Grand Monarque!!!
They may grunt very loud,
At their apprefors proud,
Or sneak amide the crowd—
Vive le Monarque!

GLEE.

AIR. Begone dull care,
BEGONE base PITT! —
A giddy minor ty! —
Begone base PITT! —
With MAN & RIG ITS you cannot agree;
All this is very o'kei,
But facts left PITT! —
I thou never lass have thy wai.

Too

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts abiding pursue;
Convic^c TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
So not false prejudice taints at their view.

Where far freedom resides in the grove, &c.

'Ere LIFE's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANHOOD could I once behold FREE;

The joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may take them like me

152
51

HARMONIST.

I call on my country to vote the SUPPLIES,
I call on my country to give my sisters wife,
My friends to give me a home, &c. H. Hall or Spirit.
That we'll live on the farm Fox, &c. Tol de rol, &c.

And lastly I hang on this weighty occasion,
Present you'll take to prevent an invasion,
So saving our n--h, the God save and bless!
Left the room for his friends to propose an ADDRESS.

Tol de rol, &c.

The address being carried our friend Billy PITTS,
To open his budget thought prud' and fit,
New taxes, new loans, new persons, new places,
With a long speech to gloss over defeats and disasters!

Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis my wish the kingdom to keep out of trouble,
A bill to propose the Militia to double;
With our fam'd Volunteers which Britannia now boasts,
Our countrymen fear will our friends watch our crafts!

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Fox quickly rose to oppose the premier,
Saying—Our scheme was good—and that plan is not clear
That I thought should they change in the administration,
John Bull would be in the same situation

Wh' I this come an' the roars dism'nt' but pluster,
A noise with 'em, when 'em, & I said than thunder,
A voice to me said—"it is time to depart
"For old Nick now is coming to play a good part!"

Then I saw cast before me a net like a sack,
And saton at in like this o' a n'chick
I awoke with a start of such a' frightend thic,
Folks it only a dream! to my very great grief!

Tol de rol, &c.
SONNET.

50

THE POLITICAL

Too many Knaves—
Knaves—men of a wile
And to no end—
Have never yet Nature's law,
But LIBERTY begins to rise,
To rouse our Patriot band!
And men long blind now op'd their eyes,
To save their drooping land!

SONG.

THE POLITICAL DREAM.

AIR: Liberty Hall.

ON my pillow one night as I carelessly lay,
I thought by some pow'r I was carried away,
And plac'd in the midst of St. STEPHEN'S-HALL,
Where the new parliament were convok'd one and all.

Tol de rol, &c.

The old usual scene appear'd acting before me,
Between Rt. Honourable Whigs, and Rt. Hon. TORIES;
From the REDS' HALL & the M. y perch't on the throne,
His speech began reading with audible voice.

Tol de rol, &c.

My LORDES AND GENTLEMEN!—
It afford me much pleasure to see,
Such good understanding between you and me
The glorious scene so fit our country and its acts,
And the wonderful conquests my armies have made!

Tol de rol, &c.

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we are now no longer friends,
No troubles distract us, nor it's offend,
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt us influence divine,
And haud' the glad union of freedom and mirth.
Should

HARMONY

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my del ght,
In just & equal, & merciful law,
Coy'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Sole late prejudice fades at the review.

W ere but Freedom resids in the grove, &c.

'Ere LIES even OR rays wear the tins of darkness,

MANKIND could I once behou FREE,

Then ev'ry man my breath w'ld freely resign,

That ev'ry ages may taste them like me,

W ere but Freedom resids in the grove,

With her vot'ries to blend their delight,

And on the blest concert of sweet peace and love,

In chorus from morning 'till night.

SONG.

TRIAL BY JURY.

On the honourable acquittal of CITIZEN THOMAS HARDY, Nov. 5, 1794.

AIR. *Vivat Rex.*

ALL hail! great Day! by Britons known,

The fifth day of November,

Whch shooke th' influence of a throne,

All PATRIOTS must remember,

That day which found our JURY's voice,

Supporting Law and Fact, fits,

And gave to ENGLISHMENT a choice—

To that, to that, to that, fits.

CHORUS. Rejoice, rejoice Britons, rejoice!

At disappointed fury!

Our RIGHTS dilain'd, were then maintain'd
By an IMPARTIAL JURY!

F

Tis

52

THE POLITICAL

SONNET. *

TO FREEDOM.

FROM the regions of guilt where B. & T. reign,
I to the grove of LIBERTY come,
I to the grove of LIBERTY— and in a friend's shade,
I cast the sun's rays away, & sit down,
With a Freedom resids in the grove,
With a Freedom resids in the grove,
And in which long hours I spent peace and love,
I content from morning 'till night.

When the *Dwarf* comes to his couch fraught with fear,
For the wrongs he has done to M. & C.,
Revolts the voice of FAIR EVA, my dear,
Sweet anti-*Dwarf*! I say,
With these like my robes in the grove,

For the land of wealth, or wealth, & power,
I have a bushy coat, & a staff,
The willow boughs, & the boughs of a bough,
I have a bushy coat, & a staff,
Where the Freedom resids in the grove.

To an Arbour adjoining which rears a large TREE,
From the sun's searching rays I'll repair,
To LIBERTY sacred—the long, catch, and glee,
Shall deliver each visitor ther'

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove.

It is now the 5th of November, 1794. The peace of this denomination
is to be maintained, & the people are to be made to make a distinction
between the people called *Friends* & *Friends*— they are politi-

The

That we're true sons of Freedom's matchoy our bow,
Which ever fail flow w'th breath of a friend,
And where's the *Friend* we know n't o' *Friend*,
No trial as *glib* as, nor trifles offend;
By friend ship imp'dl unanimity fir!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in w'nes, felt its influence divine,
And heard the glad vision of freedom and truth.

Should

'Tis well to find in these hard times,
Of Slavery and Famine,
REASON and TRUTH are not high crimes
For Lawyers to examine,
Tho' INNOCENCE was *guilty* tried
By all the *hanging* trades, sirs,
Still JURIES on those Rights rely'd,
We ga'nd at Runnymede, sirs.
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
At disappointed fury,
Your Rights disclaim'd, are still maintain'd
By an IMPARTIAL JURY
O! Britons, see 'n Scut's land,
Safe Tyranny is chaff'd,
Corrupted Judges there command,
There WORTH and GENIUS perish'd;
GERALD, and others, now remark,
The *sc* ends to Reformation,
By Juries pack'd and Justice Clark,
Were doom'd to transportation!!!
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
At disappointed fury,
And thankful be, that you are free
From a wicked pack'd Scotch Jury!
Then charge your glasses, sirs, the *Toasts*,
"To every SON of FREEDOM"
Let HONEST JURIES be our boast,
May Britons never need 'em,
May TRUTH and JUSTICE ever reign
O'er legal sophistry, sirs,
And fortune long retain—
The Right of being FREE, sirs,
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
Make this a merry season,
The RIGHTS of MAN—our Virtue's plan,
Are JUSTICE—not high *treason*!
SONG

Shall *ei* even each suffer there?

Whilst fair Fremon presides in the grove,
It may appear strange to the *lun* as for *parts* of this *deceit*
It has been found necessary in
between *thou* and *other* of a more irregular or *more* *irregular*
sovereignty, the only *apology* that can now be *obtained* from the
L. *as* *one*

—*There were* *two* *times* *in* *either* *the* *health* *of* *the* *land*,
Which ever *had* *flow* *the* *health* *of* *the* *land*,
And *L* *et* *one* *the* *other* *or* *the* *other* *be*
No *trou* *or* *trou* *the* *other* *or* *the* *other* *be*
By *the* *end* *imp* *of* *ARM* *the* *other* *or* *the* *other* *be*
The *one* *the* *other* *or* *the* *other* *be*
Each *the* *other*
And *had* *the* *other* *the* *other* *the* *other* *the* *other* *the* *other* *the* *other* *the* *other*

YE CITIZENS of ev'ry state come listen to my story,
I never not to record the honest acts of Whigg or Tory,
To find such *deceit* as that our friends, indeed would be
a wonder,

Who differ only in the way to spend the public plunder,
Our glorious *confusion* once pull'd some *democracy*,
But now, and 'most *boldly* chang'd by *knows* a-f-e-e-y!
What men to go such *hurts* as a *rushard* or a *garser*,
Will tray the People's trust—and their Liberties will
barter!

Our *own* *ster*'s the greatest *traitor* to our *CONSTITUTION*,
A d rather than support *RECORR* will bring on *revolution*,
He injures up such mighty *deeds* assisted by his *spies* sirs,
And keeps the country in *alarm* by fabricating *LIES*, sirs.

"T was that we fee he from'd his famous *pop-gas* plot, sirs,
When after shooting men in *goal*, the *scheme* was sent to
pot, sirs,
The laws to render more severe his *Spies* he next appointed,
To the way to meet his *parlament*, to insult the *Lord's*
anointed!

The *privy council* quickly sat, and held a *secret* court, sirs,
And a *dreadful* plot announced upon a *confidante*'s report, sirs,
To prevent such daring *republic* in future to approach, sirs,
A wise debate was held how they might *fortify* a *coach*, sirs.

At length it was agreed upon, it should be fact'd with
tappet, sirs,
To preserve the *facted* *wig-block* from a *treacherous* *tappet*,
sirs!

Well lined with a *buffalo's*-skin, and stuff'd between with
 wool, sirs,
 That the d—l himself had he been there cou'dn't touch the
 r—l scull, sirs!

Slow came this *moving-bastille* in heavy cumb'rous state,
 sirs,
 That the r—l animals I'm sure had never felt such weight,
 sirs,
 And when the coachman whipp'd them hard to make them
 jog on faster,
 Like *Balaam's* ass (could they have spoke) they would have
 curs'd their master!

The people fill'd with *loyalty* assembled on that day, sirs,
 To sing "God save their noble King," and join the loud
 buzzza, sirs,
 When of host a *constables* appear'd,—'twas dangerous to
 speak, sirs,
 To wink an eye might have provok'd a sentence like *Kyo*
 WAKE, sirs.

Now Citizens be rul'd by me—'twill keep ye out of jail,
 sirs,
 Be loyal subjects to your King, to praise him never fail, sirs;
 Pray for his *holy war* to last, his *taxes* to encrease, sirs,
 And shun those wicked *Jacobins* who pray for speedy
 peace, sirs!



SONG.

Shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denominatio
 n, for instance, it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction
 between them, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for
 mer *couplets*, the only epithet that can now be offered is,—they are pun
 tual ones.

The

SONG.

THE COMPLAINT.

AIR. *I lock'd up all my treasure.*

We once had SPEECH and ACTION,
The RIGHTS of MAN enjoy'd!
No ministerial faction—
Our LIBERTIES annoy'd.

A GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION,
With wisdom in its Laws
Which at the Revolution,
Was crown'd with just applause!

Our RIGHTS no longer charter'd,
Injustice now we own,
Our LIBERTIES are batur'd,
And all our FREEDOM's gone!

SONG.

THE HUMBUGS.

Written on the retreat of the French General JOURDAN.

AIR. *The roast beef, &c.*

PRAY what's al this brassing and bragging about?
The *Austrians* have put one French arm, to rout;
That *Yan: Bull* has a right to rejoice I much doubt,
But 'tis sport for the humbugs of *Eng: and, &c.*

F 3

The

Tho' **FREEDOM**'s fair banners awhile seem laid low,
And shrink from the fury of **tyranny's** blow,
Yet 'tis only to *rally* ten-fold on the foe,
And astonish the **bumbugs** of **England**, &c.

You say should the **Austrians'** successes increase,
It must force proud **Republicans** into a peace;
Now I think it will be quite the *contrary* case,
For all the **bumbugs** of **Old England**, &c.

The **Emperor** fights with **Great Britain's** support,
Whilst *subsidies* last he may keep up his court,
Or like **Prussia** make peace when he's *tir'd* of the sport,
And *desert* the **bumbugs**, &c.

The king of **Sardinia** has just *lav'd* his crown,
And his *catholic-majesty* starts for renown,
Since he joins with the **French** to pull **popery** down!
And fight 'gainst the **bumbugs**, &c.

The **Pope** in a *panic* at **Liberty** sighs,
His *bell, book, and candle*, his subjects despise,
Tho' his *saints* to *convince* them now *open* their eyes!
And pray for the **bumbugs**, &c.

With the **bumbugs** in *church* and the **bumbugs** in *state*,
The **bumbugging** *lawyers* in *villainy* great,
Poor **John Bull** is **bumbugg'd** both *earl* and *late*,
Oh! the **bumbugs** of **Old England**, &c.

But **JUSTICE**, fair goddess! must soon intervene,
And in *pity* to **MANKIND** may alter the *scene*;
Then each **bumbug** must bow to the fam'd *guillotine*!
Oh! the **bumbugs**, &c.

Jack **Ketch** will be sure of a *fortune pell-mell*,
Whilst the soul of each **bumbug** is *passing* for *hell*;
To **bumbug** old *nick* must be **bumbugging** well!
Oh! the **bumbugs** of **Old England**, &c.

SONG.

Shall I *avenge* *by* *fire* *them*?Whilst the **Freedom** *preludes* in the *grove*, &c.

* It may be fitting to see the limits for poems of this denomination
from the *beginning*. It has been found necessary in order to make a distinct on
the *political* and *satirical* of a more irregular & *satirical* kind, to call the
former *political*, and the latter *satirical* apology that can now be offered is,—they are polit-
ical poems.

The

SONG.

On the IRISH INVASION.*

AIR. Ballinamona.

ARRAH, *Patrick*, arrah; what can mean all this fear,
 This talk of invasion—of enemies near?—
 To be sure you're all *mad* if you're going to arm,
 Against people who *seriously* mean you no harm!

Ballinamona-oro, the tricks of the state you can't see.

Now by *jesus* friend *Phelim*, you're only mistaken,
 For I hear they're all landed, and *Derry* is taken;
 To rob, starve, and kill us, those Frenchmen they say,
 Are marching to *Dublin* from *Bantry-bay*!

Ballinamona-oro, ogh, I am ready to meet them you see.

To oppose such vile *monsters* I think we've good cause,
 Who've destroy'd their good king their religion and laws!
 Denied the *infallible* deeds of the *Pope*,—
 And condemn'd his *disciples*—their *priests* to the *rope*

Ballinamona-oro, no such *murdering* villains for me.

R ud-a'-nouns, brother *Patrick*, what *nonsense* you prate,
 As I told you before you can't see thro' the state;—
 'Tis your *placemen* and *pensioners* bother your brains,
 They *rob*, *starve*, and *tax* ye, and load you with *chains*!

Ballinamona-oro, to oppose them we ought to agree,

* IRELAND at this time exhibits a melancholy picture from the baneful effects of ministerial despotism; three millions of its inhabitants disfranchised, and labouring under the weight of penal restrictions, while the insatiable demands of placemen and pensioners are enforced by military despotism at the point of the bayonet. Ask the indigent *PEASANT*, not half-heltered in his mud-walled cabin! or the starving *ARTISAN* with his numerous unhappy offspring, mourning perhaps over their last crust! ask them in the moment of invasion, who are their enemies? and they will point their foreboding hands to the palaces of an unfeeling aristocracy, and to the accumulating domains of unfeeling monopolist. "those are our enemies; those are the men who have forcibly invaded our *country*, and plundered us of our property."

I remember

I remember the time when INVASION's alarms,
 As a *volunteer* for 'd me to take up my arms;
 But our CAUSE then was just 'gainst a tyrant to fight,
 Our laws were much milder, and Ireland was right,
 Ballinamona-oro, no Tyrant in France we now see.

For argument-sake—suppose France should be beat,
 Pray what great advantage would you and I get?
 We might both lose our lives to keep rascals in place,
 Or live to see taxes and per sis increase,
 Ballinamona-oro, no *absentee-nobles* for me.

If your COUNTRY don't rouse you, its miseries must—
 For the war you're engag'd in is base and unjust!
 Your insolent rulers make FREEMEN your foes,
 They have all th' soils, and make you bear the blows!
 Ballinamona-oro, no oppressors of mankind for me.

Remember the *ass heavy-laden* we're told,
 Who was'd by his master—the *foe* to behold;
 His pace would not alter his *driver* to please,
 Well knowing *compliance* no burden could eas',
 Ballinamona-oro, a change must make Irishmen FREE!

By saint Patrick you know we are all of ONE flock,
 Our CREATOR has form'd us from one common stock;
 And th's f as roll around us, and rivers between,
 Should we quarrel with those who we never have seen?
 Ballinamona-oro, Fraternity's blessings for me!

Now Phelim you're right, my lad, give me your hand,
 You've explain'd to my mind—whit I well understand,
 If I fire against FREEMEN gunpowder or lead,—
 May the d—l k'ep firing me after I'm dead!
 Ballinamona-oro, the RIGHTS of Hibernia for me.
 SONG.

Shall enliven each visitor there

Whilst fair Fre de n prides in the grove, &c.

* It may appear strange to offer the *Invicta* for per use of the *Irish* in
 the *Irish* language, it has been found to be the only way to get
 the *Irish* to receive it in a *friendly* and *amicable* kind, to call the for-
 mer *Irish* *Irish*, the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are pol-
 itically *Irish*.

The

HARMONIST.

SONG.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

AIR. from *Comus*.

NOW Tyrants, mankind's greatest pest,
Are sinking in the east and west;—
Priestcraft's cursed spell is broke,
Men shake off its galling yoke!

CHORUS.

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE,
Sacred to dear LIBERTY! — *da capa-*

Now slavery from GALLIA flies,
LIBERTY alone they prize;
Frenchmen join the glorious Cause,
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE! —
Sacred to dear LIBERTY! —

Then shall we BRITONS tamely see,
Ev'ry Nation round us free,
K's oppression's iron rod,
Bow to man instead of God!

Ah! no, like FRANCE, resist, be free!
And plant the Tree of LIBERTY! —

The TREE now planted in our earth,
Takes deep root, gives FREEDOM birth,
All the Nations round it throng,
Taste its fruits, and join the song!

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! fair Freedom's TREE!
Ever bloom to LIBERTY! —

STANZAS.

By Order of the

Commanded by

W. A. D. M. —

Copy of a Letter
received from theGovernor of the
at Barbadoes

Le Liberator de
Vallade, Fencing Master at the
Academy, and to desire you will
be pleased to lay the same in
the hands of the

His Grace their Lordships desire
M. Vallade may be permitted to
use on that occasion.

THE POLITICAL

STANZAS.

Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from a Slave despotism, to National Liberty.

SI E^t the court of great FRANCE ~~is~~ by nobles disgrac'd,
The monarch in splendour above them high-plac'd,
With what despotic grandeur he looks on his slaves,
And his nod, or his frown, hurt many waves,
While his courtiers all enter his high car,
No complaint from poor souls he'll beign now to hear
Surrounded by guards that his orders await,
He thinks himself on th'g above mortal star.

Next view that fair for'rest that's link'd to his soul,
In the mansions of bliss the oppressors now roll,
In the vale of enjoyment no horrors does he dread,
Nor the torrent of mis'ries which hang o'er his head;
Could he but relax from his joys for a-while,
He'd find base *despit* close-ally'd to each sin le,
Fear, famine, and fury, which stain'd *Louis*'s name,
May justly be deem'd to have sprung from this dame!

Now see *Louis* soaring in grandeur and state,
And vile *Antoinette* in ambition so great;
When the poor ghastly form of LIBERTY in rage,
Frians' offspring to the forum she drags,
With what horror the concord would break which before
On eagle-fledg'd wings to *Olympus* could soar!
This first ray of sun-shine so gladden'd the earth,
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth!

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,
Where *hundred*'s of living lay tomb'd with the dead,
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife,
A *letter-de-cachet* immur'd him for life;
But the PEOPLE inspir'd for blest Freedom advance,
An attack on *Antoinette*, and *Mari* yields the lance,

Time before *Louis*'s fall, when it shuns
The land, it marchs begins now to
This *land* of a serv^o its mansion of
As it breaks it's the cruinies of each cap,
At each clash of the faulchions the axe,
God *God* they all cry—what new is
With breast quite expand'd for tyrant,
Or the best instance of a refuge from w^o
The heroes all enter their terrors d^r,
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth go

N^oW JUSTICE and MERCY each Patri^o
Directing their councils, and a-voicing
The People's great Law, to the m^ore
To much mankind's affliction t^r FREEDOM
With what seeming joy the new come to be
They see it as his faith, and the l^o
Still alas! they believe him yet true t^r the
The basest of monarchs thus meets their

Here for cool reflection a moment but
And we *Louis* in^r whilst fixing^r the
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no g^r
But's shadow'd and moulded by *Antoinette*
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have
Had not this fell *fair-one* polluted the so^r
And held up that spectre of general sway
When from her as from Heav'n it bright

A *success* takes place to enlighten the *so*
The *monarch* takes flight wth his ma^r
The People now find their opinions mis^r
A i their *J*ar MAGNA CHARTA by tyrs^r
With vigilance arm'd the traitors put^r
'Tul taken wth shame the r^o duplicity
But a^r so, O sweet merc^r, all barrier^r
The road of man's *right* is now clear

STANZAS.

Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from a Solute despotism, to National Liberty.

SEE the court of great FRANCE first by names extac'd,
The monarch in splendour above them high exal't'd,
With what despotic grandeur he looks on his slaves,
And his nod, & his frown all his tyrannic waves,
Mild his courtiers and haterers hush'd in his ear,
No complaints from poor mortals he'd listen to or hear,
Surrounded by guards that his orders aw'd,
He thinks himself som' thing above mortals flat.

Next view that fast fire'red char' that's link'd to his soul,
In the mansions of hell, the opp'rer's new pal,
In the vale of enjoyme'd no ho' & dies hard'd,
Nor the torrent of mis'ri's which hang o'er his head's,
Could he but relax from his joy, for a while,
He'd ha' ha' a'ceit a' se'ly's to each sul'e,
Fear, famine, a' fury, wh en that's Louis' name,
May justly be deem'd to have sprung from this dam'st

Now see Louis soaring in grandeur and state,
And vile Antoinette in ambition so great;
Wh n the poor ghastly form of LINERAY in rage,
Erinnys' offspring to the forum she drags,
With what horror the concord would break which before
On eagle fledg'd wings to Olympus could sour!
This first ray of sun-shine so gladden'd the earth,
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,
Where hundreds of living lay tomb'd w th the dead,
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wfe,
A letter-de-sache immur'd him for life;

But the PEOPLE, astut'd for blst Freedom advances,

HARMONIST.

This b' see it's by diff're wh it h'ate to
The grand old cl'marche b'w is now to b' a
This y'ld of nurseries his mansion of hell,
As the sh' of the mulc'mon the axes ar' to
Good God! they ar' ex-weak when
With brev's quite ex-wond for our r'p'ble
Or the best to rectify or at sp's r' in woe
The HEROES all enter their to r'ns de'arts,
And the bright lamp of Freedom dith glow in

Now JUSTICE and MERCY each Patriot sees,
Directing their councils, and a' r'v'ng decre
The People's great Laws to the m'arch's no
To meet his kind s' on to FERR' M' of a
With s'ning joy the new code he recev'
Then flurrs, breaks his faith, and the Pepl
S' das! they believe him yet true r' then c
The basef of monarchs thus marks their appla

Here let cool & s' on a moment but pause,
All the Lou's, sun's, is w'ld sign'g th' ays
S'ch his heart to its cor' b' d F h', o'le, m'
But a' tow'd and rou'd by Antoinette's
T' spe'cer of ev'y good he'd have been,
Had not this tal' fair-one pointed t' f'we,
And held up that spectre of general f'ay,
When from her as from Heav'n it brighten'd

A subjeft takes place to enlighten the scene,
The monarch takes flight with his magical q
The People now find their r'opinio is mid-dac'd
A' the d' ar' MAGNA CHARTA by t' r'p'ble dith
With sign'ace arm'd the traitors purue,

T' taken with shame their da'f'c'cy view,
B' aran, O! sweet marty! al' bar'ers bear
The b'ns of monarchs agains' us're the arm

STANZAS.

Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from absolute Despotism, to National Liberty.

SEE the court of great FRANCE first by nobles d'Esgrace,
The monarch in splendour above them high, his plumes,
With what despotic grandeur he looks on a slave,
And his nose, or his front, like it to my wares;
Much his courtiers and favorites fit for his ear,
No comp'nts from poor mortals. I'd be a w'oman
Surrounded by guards that I could saw to,
He th'lk, himself sum'ng above mortal that

Next view that far forc'd refs that's link'd to his f. l. 2
In the maniois of h'is the oppr'ffs s now twy,
In the vale of enjoyment no horns does he dread,
Nor the torrent of mis'rs s wh ch. - g o'er his head,
Could he but relax in his joys for a while,
He'd find base accit. cuse all y. to each smile,
Fear, famine, and fury, which stain'd Louis' name,
May justly be deen'd to have sp'ndg from this daine!

Now see *Louis* soaring in grandeur and state,
And vile *Antoinette* in ambition so great;
When the poor ghastly form of *LIBERTY* in rage,
Erinnys' offspring to the forum she drags,
With what horror the concord would break when before
One eag'ly wing'd wing, to *Olympus* could soar!
This first ray of sun-shine so gladdend the earth,
That its gentle diffusions gave prod'gues birth!

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,
Where hundreds of living lay tomb'd with the dead,
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife,
A letter a-cochet immur'd him for life;
But the PEOPLE inspir'd for blest Freedom advance,
An attack is made on the fort of the slaves.

Here let cool reflection a moment out our pace,
A life long, failing whilst fixing the laws,
Sob's heart to its own path, no man v
Bur's shadow'd and now d'v Autum etc's
The life, for of evry good h'ld have been,
Had not this fell fair-ones polluted the scene,
And held up that spectre of general sway,
When from me as from H' av'n't bright'n'd h

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,
The monarch takes flight with his magical qu.
The People now find their opinions misplac'd,
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyrants dis.
Wt' the vigilane arm'd the traitors put to
Till taken with shame the r. duplicity views
B. 1776. (11. 1. 1.)

HARMONIST.

To its base see it's levell'd, wh'st shouts rend the air,
The grandest of monarchs begins now to fear.

This *island* of misery—this mansion of dread,
As it breaks stirs the crannies of each captive's head;
At each clash of the faulchion, the axe, and the pike,
Good God! they all cry—what new horrors now strike!
With breasts quite expanded for *tyranny's* blow,
Or the best subterfuge of a respite from woe—
The *HEROES* all enter! their terrors depart,
And the bright lamp of *Freedom* doth glow in each heart.

Now *JUSTICE* and *MERCY* each Patriot sees,
Directing their councils, and approving decrees;
The People's great Laws to the monarch's now brought,
To meet his kind sanction to *FREEOM* of *THOUGHT*!
With what *scorning* joy the new code he receives,
Then *savers*, breaks his faith, and the People deceives;
Still alas! they believe him yet true to their cause,
The *baseft* of monarchs thus meets their applause.

Here let cool reflection a moment but pause,
And see *Louis* sailing wh'lst signing the laws;
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no gleam w'll ye find,
But's shadow'd and moulded by *Antoinette's* mind;
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have been,
Had not this fell fair-one polluted the scene,
And held up that *spectre* of general sway,
When from her as from *Heav'n* it brighten'd his way!

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,
The *monarch* takes flight with his magical queen;
The People now find their opinions misplac'd,
And their dear *MAGNA CHARTA* by *tyrants* disgrac'd
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,
'Tis taken with shame their duplicity view;
But again, O! sweet mercy! all barriers bear down,
The *baseft* of monarchs again grasps the crown.

On

City Office, 9th May 1790

On the tenth of a month what new horrors commence,
 To paint such vile deeds quite appalls the wth at sea;
 Th^o the populace lur'd by their monarch and queen,
 In the Tuilleries gardens all walking were seen,
 With affect^{ions} of loy'lty each Patriot was led, —
 When a treacherous *sign^{al}* prostrates hundreds dead !
 But the brave MARSELLO¹, priests and Swiss well oppos'd,
 Forc'd in — say'd the People — and the traitors depos'd !

Such civil engagements of blood against Truth,
 Were fought by those tyrants devoid of all ruth,
 Conspiracies form'd thro' ambition and lust,
 Hourly number'd the People in heaps with the dust
 'Till heav'n-born justice by cruelty shook,
 The cause of thete havocs in close question took;
 She found it was *Louis* ! stood shock'd at the thought,
 And decreeing — his head to the guillotine brought !

Base *Louis'* affection fills monarchs with grief,
 To van-guards and battalions they fly for relief;
 All courts now conspires against Freedom's blest name,
 But the balsm of life is the general theme,
 Each friend to existence, and its glorious good,
 Are epicures all now for Freedom's sweet food,
 The court-pamper'd minions alone now oppose
 The planting of Freedom and culling of woes !

But the time is approaching when TRUTH shall arise,
 With REASON coming to award the fair prize,
 No despotic grandeur shall move in their train,
 No blood-thirsty villains to suck ev'ry vein ;
 Our courts shall be crowd'd, yet free from all vice,
 Each model^l ear bent to await the best choice,
 And JUSTICE proclaim to a voice passing sweet,
 The fairest of the faire LIBERTY greet !

ON A
AIR.

COME listen to my d^r
 The Prince has ty'd a k^r
 The Royal House of H^r
 Is likely now to last —

The King he said unto h^r
 debt, sir,
 So you must have a Wif^r
 I'll have you send to Ge^r
 Their Highnesses Serene,

The Prince he said good F^r
 You may send for which y^r
 There's Caroline of Brun^r
 Do you but pay my debts,

To pay your debts myself,
 For F. & W. & all the rest
 But J. Bull that pays for al^r
 Do you prepare to wed, a

The Princess she was ask'd
 The mighty Duke her fath^r
 She left her home so dear,
 And merrily to E^r —

On the tenth of a month what new horrors commence,
To paint such vile deeds qua te appa is the wak knife;
The pangs are lar'd by their monarch and queen,
In the Thessalian gardens all walking were seen,
With aff'ctions of loyalty each Patriot was led,
With a treacherous signal profligates hund'eds dead!
But the brave MARSELLOIS priests and fufi well opprest'd,
For'd in—lively the People—and the traitors depos'd!

Such civil engagements of blood against Truth,
Were fought by those tyrants devoid of all truth,
Confiscated form'd thro' ambition and lust,
Hourly number'd the People in heaps with the dust
'Till heav'n-born justice by cruelty shook,
The cause of these havocs in close question took;
She found it was Louis! stood shock'd at the thought,
And decreeing—his head to the guillotine brought!

False Louis' dissection fills monarchs with grief,
To van-guards and battalions they fly for relief;
All comes now confuses against Freedom's blest name,
But the balsam of life is the general theme,
Each friend to existence, and its glorious good,
Are encures all now for Freedom's sweet food,
The court-pamper'd minors alone now oppose
The planting of Freedom and culling of woes!

But the time is approaching when TRUTH shall arise,
With REASON commanding to award the fair prize,
No despotic grandeur shall move in their train,
No blood-thirsty villains to funk ev'ry vein;
Our courts shall be crowded, yet free from all vice,
Each modest ear bent to awa' t the best choice;
And JUSTICE proclaim to a voice passing sweet,
Let ALL Nations and People fair LIBERTY greet!

SONG.

HARMONIST.
SONG.

ON A LATE WEDDING

AIR. Bow now now

COME listen to my dirge, to loyal men,
The Prince has ty'd a knot at last that none
The Royal Duke of Hanover, the dairymen
Is lik'ly now to salt—for another gen-

Bath us

The King he said unto his Son, you know
d. etc. to
So you must have a wife—tis in vain to be
I have you find a German, to set her
Then he said to his Son, you may pick theThe Prince he said good Father, if you will
You may send for which you please & the th
There's Caroline of Brunswick has got a g
Do you but pay my debts, and I'll take it atTo pay your debts myself, I should be much
For F. & W. & all the rest, would ask of me
But I'll pay that pays for all, will pay you ne
Do you prepare to wed, and I'll speak toThe Prince's love was ask'd, and she needed
The mighty Duke her father, below'd on
She left her home so dear, and embark'd on
And merrily to England she came for her
G.

about the 20th for the 27th the 28th
Whom the fair ones in the grove, &c.
* It is a remarkable circumstance that poems of this description in
particular, are now more numerous in order to make a display of
the taste of the author, & the elegance of his style, to which, in the
thousands.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, as men of our bawl,
Which ever shall flow to the head 1000' dand,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controv'ry,
No troubles distract us, nor trifles offend's
By friendship inspir'd—unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, lot's as influence divine,
And ha'nd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

should

Ms. H. 4. 4.

SONG.

ON A LATE WEDDING.

AIR. Bow wew wew.

COME listen to my ditty, ye loyal men of London,
The Prince has tw'd a knot at last that never can be undone
The Royal House of Hanover, the deth'ng of the Nation,
Is likely now to last—for another generation.

Bow wew wew.

The King he said unto his Son, you know you're deep in
Society & the like, you want to bounce & fret fit,
I'll have you find in Germany, to let in pretty ladies,
Their Highnesses Sirene, you may pick them by the dozen.

The Prince he fit (good) Father, if you will find the money,
You may have a sh. by expect, & she shall be my boney
There's Caroline of Brunswick has got a pretty hand fit,
D'you see my deots, and I like it at command, fit.

The Prince said this morn, I should be much to blame, son,
I'll fit H' & C' with, would risk it n' th' face,
But fit B' that pays fit all, will never be fit to take,
D'you prepare to wed, and I'll risk to Pitt about it.

The Prince fit she was ask'd, and she needed little pressing,
The mighty Duke her father, best w' an her fit b' fit,
She had her fit fear, and embark'd upon the ocean,
And ready to England she came for her promotion.

G And

SONG

Fallado. Fencing master at the
Academy, and to dance, you will
pleased to say the same morn.
I like to think and to talk
His Grace Mar. Lord, the same that
Mr. Fallado

continues in that employment

you must kindly reward
translators

And when she met the Bridegroom, she paid her humble
duty;
He took her kindly round the waist, and show'd the full
her beauty.
But now that you are married, Sir, allow me to add and border,
And stick as closely to your side as Royal George to
Charlotte.

SONG.

PARKER's DYING APPEAL TO THE SEAMEN.

After Cross roads Boreas.

You who plough the briny Ocean,
You who labour hard on land—
You who loll on downy pillows,
Ruling with Tyrannic hand,
Listen to my dolorful story,
Scorn not truth tho' long by me;
Madly bent on Britain's glory—
While a Boy I went to sea.

Freedom's charms my heart elated,
Freedom's praise I proudly sung;
Where old England's foes defeated,
Lord or Duke loud plaudits rung:
Quite convinc'd we freedom sought for,
Bold we triumph'd o'er the waves;
But when *Equal Rights* we sought too,
Alas! I found us were but slaves.

4

and others of a more irregular nature, the only quality that can give the others

The bright sun of FREEDOM shone at our birth,
Whichever way we looked, it shone,
And it still shines, and it still shines,
Never to be dimmed, or dimmed again,
BRIGHT SUN OF FREEDOM, shone at our birth,
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth,
Each other in white, for its influence divine,
And shone the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

oom, the p l be him
waft, with w the
tib as R. & C. & G. in

G.

AL TO THE SEAMEN.

nde Boreas.

ocean
land—
dows,
hand,
ry,
ing by me
s gl., —
to sea.

heart elated,
roudly sung;
es defeated,
audits rang:
d in fought for,
e the waves,
we fought for,
ere but Slaves.

All

HARMONIST.

67

All we ask'd, no man of reason,
Could in Justice e're refuse—
Little dream'd I for high Treason,
Like a dog my life I'd loose;
Oppos'd each violent motion—
French proposals I debarr'd,
Oh! had I but cross'd the ocean,
Laurels had been my reward.

Hard the fate of brother Seamen,
Torn from Children, Friends, and wives—
Robb'd of all the rights of Freemen,
Doom'd to drag out wretched lives;
Forc'd to face unnumber'd dangers—
—bear the Tyrants blow!
Murder friendly Strangers,
If a Monarch walls it so!

Brother mestates can you see me,
In a bather hung for you?
Can you now in danger leave me?
Ruin waits you—if you do:
Talk no more of British Bravery,
That you're gen'ro's no more boast;
You're immers'd in silent Slav'ry,
All you're Manly Spirit's lost.

Was not I by you elected—
Your joint grievances to state?
Now you've left me unprotected,
Yet I'll boldly meet my FATE:
Life I deeth not worth preserving,
If in Slav'ry's Chains I lie—
Seamen take my farewell Blessing!
Freemen live, or Freemen DIE.

G 2

SONG

His Grace their Lordships desire that
Mr. Wallader may be permitted to
continue in

Emm. S.

Mr Wickham Pg 2

Evans V. 1800

SONG.

BY THE COBLER OF CASTLETON.

AIR. *A Cobler there was, &c.*

GOOD People, we soon shall of all be bereft,
 You're never safe, while a Penny is left,
 You are all like the Dog, in the fable betray'd,
 To let go the Substance and snatch at the Shade.

Derry Down, &c.

Our best Blood is spilt for a wicked pretence,
 Our pockets are drain'd by a foreign expense;
 Fellow Men we are murd'ring and waste all our chink,
 For it goes, for it goes to the Devil I think.

To please our great men, we thus are ill-treated,
 At home we are humbug'd and abroad are defeated;
 For all our hard fighting, we get nothing but blows,
 But the end on't, the end on't, the Lord above knows.

In Pensions to Knaves we pay MONEY CALORE,
 And like asses we then toil and labour for more;
 But at last we shall find, when we come to the push,
 That a bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

We pay for our new born, we pay for our dead,
 We pay if we're single, we pay if we wed;
 To shew that our merciful Senate don't fail,
 To begin at the Head, and tax down to the Tail.

Since

Wilt fair Freedom preside in the grove, &c.

It is strange to see the limits for priests of this denomination
 to receive, it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction
 between them, and others of a more irregular & atonal kind, to call the former
 Dissenters, the only apology that can now be offered is—they are politi-
 cally illiterate.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, with up our bow'ls,
 Which ever has flow'd to the birth of a friend,
 And Liberty's lone—no we know not friend,
 No troubles intrude us, nor trials offend,
 But friend up inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
 The bright & joyful HARMONY shone at our birth!
 Each by their in wine, felt its influence divine,
 And hand'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

Since it has been resolv'd by our Loris and our Knights,
To fconce us, and make us pay dear for our lights,
Why shou'd we be penn'd up like beasts in the Ark?
Why should we? Why shou'd we be kept in the dark?

Now let us resolve then to die or be free,
Nor to Taxes destructive, like Slaves to agree;
But stand forward my friends and boldly advance,
We've learnt a new lesson from Patriots of France.

SONG.

THE TENDER'S HOLD.

AIR. *The Hardy Tar.*

WHILST landsmen wander uncontroll'd,
And boast the rights of freemen,
O view the tender's loathsome hold,
Where droops your injur'd seamen;
Drag'd by Oppression's savage grasp,
From every dear connexion,
Midst putrid air, O see them gasp!
O mark their deep dejection.

CHORUS.

Blush, then, ye mean, ye pension'd hoss,
Who wallow in profusion,
For you foul cell proves all your boast
To be but mere delusion.

If liberty

Admiralty Office, 9th May 1790

commanded by my Lord
of the Admiralty to
the copy of a letter
received from Sir
Governor of the
at Portsmouth,
Sir Le Chevalier de la
Vallade, Fencing Master at the
Academy, and to desire you will be
pleased to lay the same before the
Duke of Portland, and to express to
His Grace their Lordships desire that
Mr. Vallade may be permitted to
continue in that Employment.
I am, Sir, Your most humble Servt
Mr. Wickham Esq: Evan Nepean

If liberty be our's, O I say,
 Why are not all protected?
 Why is the hand of *russian sway*
 'Gainst seamen thus directed?
 Is this your proof of *British rights*?
 Is this rewarding *bravery*?
 O shame to boast your *tar* exploits,
 And doom those *tar* to *slavery*.

When *fish* returned from *noxious skies*,
 Or *Winter's* raging ocean,
 To land the sun-burnt *seamen* flies,
 Imprest by strong emotion;
 His much lov'd wife, his children dear,
 Around him, cling delighted,
 But lo! the impressing *hounds* appear!
 And ever joy is blighted.

Then from each soft endearment torn,
 Behold the *seaman* languish;
 His wife and children lost forlorn,
 The prey of bitter anguish.
 Bereft of him whose vig'rous strength
 From want had them defended,
 They droop, and all their woes at length
 Are in a workhouse ended.

Mark, ye *minions* of a court,
 Who prize of *Freedom's* blessing,
 Whom every hell-born war support,
 And vindicate impressing:
 A time will come when beings like you,
 Mere *baubles* of *creation*,
 No more will make mankind pursue,
 The works of *devastation*.

A NEW SONG,

Shall enliven each *visitor* there!

Whilst fair *Freedom* presides in the *grove*, &c.

* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination so far exceeded; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction between these, and others of a more irregular or *satirical* kind, to call the former *SONNETS*; the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are political ones.

The

That we're true sons of *Freedom*, seen by our *bowl*,
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
 And *Liberty's* sons—for we know no controul,
 No troubles distract us, nor trifles offend;
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
 The bright sun of *HARMONY* shone at our birth!
 Each brother in *wine*, felt its influence divine,
 And hail'd the glad *UNION* of freedom and mirth.

Should

alty Office, 9 May 1792

A NEW SONG.

AN OLD TUNE.

The pomp of Courts, and power of Kings, I fain would banish far from hence,
I prize above all Earthly things,
I love my Country, but the KING!
Above all Men, his prais I sing,
The Royal Banners are display'd,
And may succeed the Standard aid.

The Rights of MAN and common Sense,
Destruction to his *Odisseus* reign,
That plague of PRINCES Thomas Paine,
Defeat and ruin seize the Cause,

Of France, her Liberties, and Law.

Finis.

commanded by my Lord
the Admiralty to
the copy of a Letter
received from Sir
Governor of the
at Portsmouth,

mons. Le Chevalier de la
Vallade, Tending Master at the
academy, and to desire you will be
pleased to lay the same before the
Duke of Portland, and to express to
His Grace their Lordships desire that
M. Vallade may be permitted to
continue in that Employment.

I am, Sir Your most humble Servant
Evan Nepean

— Diploms
The Wood
in the Ordinary
of Chath^m yard

2045'

OLYMPIA, PRAIRIE, and PINE

Diplomatics, 1790-1800

1790-1800, CHARTER, LAW, AND

WILL

1790-1800, CHARTER, LAW, AND

WILL

VA OFD 105'

Shall enliven each visitor thereof!

— Whilst fair Freedom preludes in the grove, &c.

* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination so far extended; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction between them, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the former **SONNETS**; the only apology that can ever be offered is,—they are political ones.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, — sons of our own,
Which ever shall bow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no control,
No troubles disturb us, nor trials offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!

The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hau'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should